OREGON VOICE

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OREGON VOICE

Editor's Note:

Upon my recent promotion from deckhand to captain of the Oregon Voice, I wandered into the wilderness and meditated for four days and nights, contemplating our humble publication, searching for our magazine's soul. What is our role on campus? How can we make the Voice doper? Whose voice are we?

Historically, the Voice has defined itself as "an arts and culture publication." And while this still holds true today, "arts and *alternative* culture" more accurately describes what we're all about. We do our best to dig up music and art that lies on the alternative, i.e. non-beaten, track. We offer stories and how-to guides on alternative ways of doing shit. And most importantly, we provide an alternative to the tired ethos (pun intended) of other campus journals.

As the leaves of Eugene's trees take on psychedelic hues, as the quarter system pulls a fast one on us, as workloads mount and Adderall-related inquiries via text message skyrocket, we at the Voice would like to present our first issue of the year.

In it you'll find an array of stories, musings, rants, and reviews, from an exposé on UO President Lariviere's evil, private-sector plots, to an empassioned critique of a bummer rave. Peep our new DIY section to learn how to do shit yourself (this time it's how to make your own film). Another addition to the magazine this year is Dear Pretty Eyes, an advice column by our spiritual leader Josh Kennett. Get into it.

Noah DeWitt

P.S. to the Commentator – About that drinking challenge: Naw.

P.P.S to the UO Debate Team – The Oregon Voice would like to officially challenge you to a debate. The issue: Should the UO Debate Team be defunded? We'll argue in your defense.

OFFICIAL STUFF

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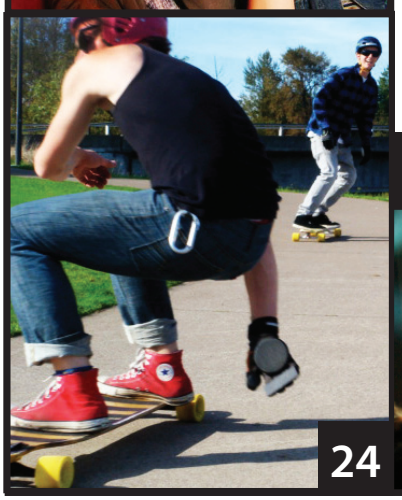
CONTENTS



04 WTF?:
For real though.

05 MINUTIA:
Big Balls.

06 DEAR PRETTY EYES:
Guide us.

07 SPORTS:
When in Brome...

08 OV PUB CRAWL:
Give us a break; we were drunk.

10 KICK BOY FACE:
LA's late Claude Bessy.

11 OOH BABY I LIKE IT RAW:
Miso hungry.

12 OVERHEARD:
That's what she said.

13 HIP LIFE:
Now available in 32oz.

14 LIFE AND TIMES OF AN RA:
Don't fall asleep with your shoes on.

16 BANG!:
It's big.

18 DECLINE OF PUBLIC EDU:
It's all about the Benjamins.

20 VEGAN JUNKIES:
Don't call it health food.

22 BAD TRIP:
A rave to forget.

24 RULES TO SHRED BY:
Stunts not blunts.

26 DIY FILM MAKING:
How to produce your own film.

28 CONCERT REVIEW:
Is there a Dr. Dog in the house?

29 REVIEWS:
Steal this music.

30 EVENTS CALENDAR:
Read about wasssup.

31 OV APPLICATION:
Are you (Wo)Man enough?

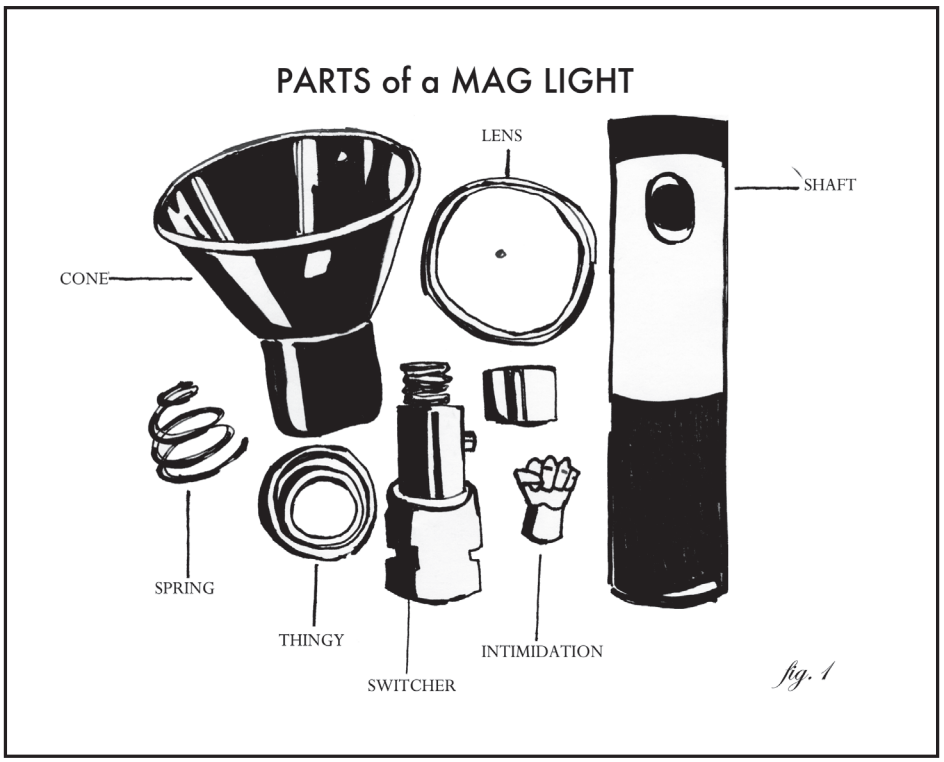
THROUGH THE INS AND OUTS OF EVERYDAY LIFE, THE **OREGON VOICE** ASKS

:WTF?

MAGLITE INTIMIDATION TACTICS OF EUGENE'S FINEST

words NOAH DEWITT
illustration MARY HALL

Something I've noticed about cops: they love their flashlights. At the slightest inkling of illicit activity, cops will whip out their good ol' Maglite 6-Cell D Whitestar to stare crime in the face. The maglite is more than a tool for seeing in the dark — it's a phallic wand of power capable of scarring your retinas with its blinding beacon and if necessary cracking your skull. Really officer? Is it that dark out? Or are you just on a power trip? According to Ice Cube, the police are likely to "fuck" with someone who (a) is a teenager, (b) has a little bit of gold, and (c) possesses a pager. And since I satisfy none of these criteria, officer, turn that shit off?



CRAVE THOSE CRAZY SQUARES

words SAIGE KOLPACK

When you watch a Frosted Mini Wheats commercial, you see a little frosted Mini Wheat sitting on a kid's shoulder. The Mini Wheat helps him remember the answers on a quiz he studied for the night before, or makes sure he remembers to bring his notebook to class. Then they throw some clinical study facts at you, in case you didn't already get the point: Frosted Mini Wheats make you smarter, more attentive, and they taste okay, too.

It's a nice ad, and if I were a responsible parent I would feed my kids Mini Wheats. The Cinnamon Toast Crunch commercial on the other hand, shows a crazed Cinnamon Toast Crunch square eating another equally crazed Cinnamon Toast Crunch square.

They are Cannibal Cinnamon Toast Crunch squares, and they do not make you smarter. One commercial shows a shark Cinnamon Toast Crunch square eating two other innocent Cinnamon Toast Crunch squares, who are trying to have a leisurely swim in their milk pool. Another commercial is of one eating itself, until it is no longer in existence.

It's always been weird to personify food, but now ad execs have taken it further: having personified food eat each other. They are insinuating that if a living thing is tasty enough, it should eat its own kind.

There is still something else to be noted: When you Youtube Cinnamon Toast Crunch a lot more comes up than when you Youtube "Frosted Mini Wheats." There is even a Facebook page devoted to those little crazed cannibals.

Cinnamon Toast Crunch is damn good, and if I were one, I don't know if I could truly say I wouldn't eat my Cinnamon Toast Crunch brethren. But I'm not a Cinnamon Toast Crunch square, I'm a human, and I don't eat other humans. So I guess I'd have to say it's an even better advertisement, but still, what the fuck?

SQUIRRELS

words QUINN MOTICKA

The other day I was sitting at the kitchen table when I heard a sound outside. I looked and there was a squirrel in the process of burying nuts in my flowerpot. Its big grey bushy tail was pressed against my sliding door and I had the urge to help. However, as soon as I took a step towards it, it bolted. This sadly happens all the time.
Their balancing skills are remarkable, prancing along the tips of fences. Whenever I go outside there's at least one running around that stops, seemingly caught in the act. I wish I could tell them, "I've got a trowel in my garage, want some help?" I'm not going to take their nuts, I just want to help, but they're all "get the fuck away from me."

Their hair seems soft like a rabbit's, but it probably resembles that of my 80-year-old grandmothers, wiry and short. If I ran up and grabbed one, it would bite me, but its shiny tail blowing in the wind reminds me of a very fuzzy cat. With rabies.

Each morning I sit on my porch and drink my coffee and squirrels the size of gluttonous rabbits prance around roofs, yards, and fences. I notice them burying nuts in my overgrown lawn and think, What the FUCK squirrel, I just want to touch you. Squirrel, you run around outside, incredibly adorable and I just want to hug you. We could be friends. If you'd just let me pet your luscious grey coat, then I'd give you the extra almonds I have in my pantry. Deal?

SOME CHUTZPAH

words TYLER PELL

Maybe you've heard: Rick Sanchez, the focus group-approved daytime anchor (formerly) of CNN was fired for alluding to the unrelenting reality of a certain Challah bread-fed religious group which controls the direction of the national and international news media.

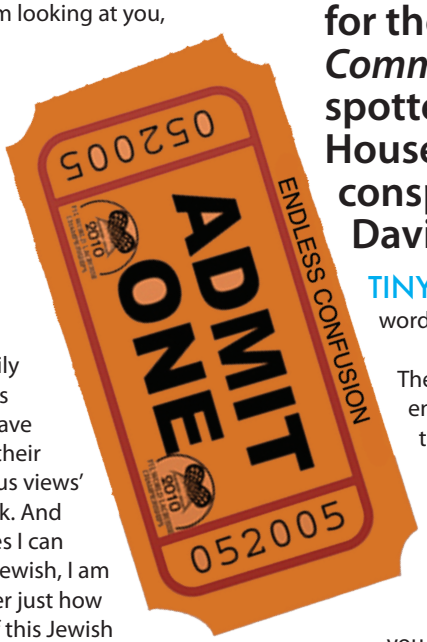
If this sounds familiar, it should. The image of

MINUTIA

a Jewish controlled media is as old as media itself. Only recently did it go out of style to say it publicly, which is why Sanchez now finds himself out of a job.

The subsequent media fire storm following his firing got me thinking what Rick Sanchez might say about University of Oregon campus media. I delved a little bit deeper. I asked myself, are students at the UO susceptible to the same cultural and political zeitgeist witnessed on a national scale?

This I know: It's well established that the Editor-in-Chief of this publication, (that's Noah) hosts one of the hottest Shabbat dinners in the EUG. His running mate (that's Cara) has some serious cred herself — just ask to hear an impression of her mother. The rest of the staff, well, we got some kugel recipes that would blow your head. It's also well known that a certain editor for the Oregon Commentator (Isn't that the Kool-Aid guy on your shirt?) has been spotted near the Hillel House sporting a rather conspicuous Star of David necklace. I'm looking at you, Lyzi Diamond.



As far as the rest of the student media is concerned, it's hard to say just how compromised their coverage of campus activities is. The Oregon Daily Emerald and Ethos editorial boards have conveniently left their respective 'religious views' on Facebook blank. And without last names I can easily identify as Jewish, I am left only to wonder just how large the scope of this Jewish conspiracy really goes.

Until then, can someone at KWVA get Rick Sanchez on the phone?

EMU TICKET OFFICE

words JENNIFER BUSBY

When I first spied the list of shows outside the EMU Ticket Office, I was elated. Finally, I would no longer have to comb through dozens of haphazard MySpace pages to figure out when worthwhile shows were happening in Eugene. But as I got close enough to read the long list of text, the terrible reality descended on me. The list is not organized by date. It's alphabetical. Instead of scanning the list to see who's in town this weekend, I have to read down until I see a name I recognize, only to drag my finger over to the date of their show and realize that they played last weekend. What the Fuck?

The online version of the list has no such problem. You can toggle between date, venue, location, and artist name to organize the interactive list. Take a cue from your own website, folks. Print your list in chronological order. It wouldn't hurt to add opening acts, too. Until Eugene has its own version of pc-pdx.com, the Portland show-guide wiki, I'll stick to finding shows the old-fashioned way: combing my way through band and venue websites and jotting the dates down in a mess of post-its.

"...a certain editor for the *Oregon Commentator* has been spotted near the Hillel House sporting a rather conspicuous Star of David necklace"

TINY ASS EDIBLES

words MICHAEL REINER

The purpose of an edible is to enjoy its taste, sit back and wait thirty minutes to an hour while ascending to levels of extreme fadedness. So, why would edibles come in the size of packing peanuts? But wait: that golf ball sized brownie is two doses. This means once you split it in half, you barely have anything to eat!

My personal delight in an edible is twofold: eating a snack and later on having it surprise attack me with a stoner slap to the face! After an hour, I have entered another world filled with funny movies, people, and complete relaxation. So, special brownie makers, whoever you are: please, make treats that we, collective edible eaters, can take pleasure in consuming. A pleasure that cannot come from any treat resembling fun-size Halloween candy.

SO CHIP KELLY HAS ELEPHANTITIS OR SOMETHING?

words TYLER PELL

Chip Kelly, if you haven't heard, is the head coach of Oregon's varsity football squad. His spread offense is potent, like, Bob Marley-semen-potent, and it has made the Ducks the envy of college football. But just as much as the man is known for his X's and O's acumen, he is known for his tight-lipped, business-as-usual approach, particularly in regarding the media.

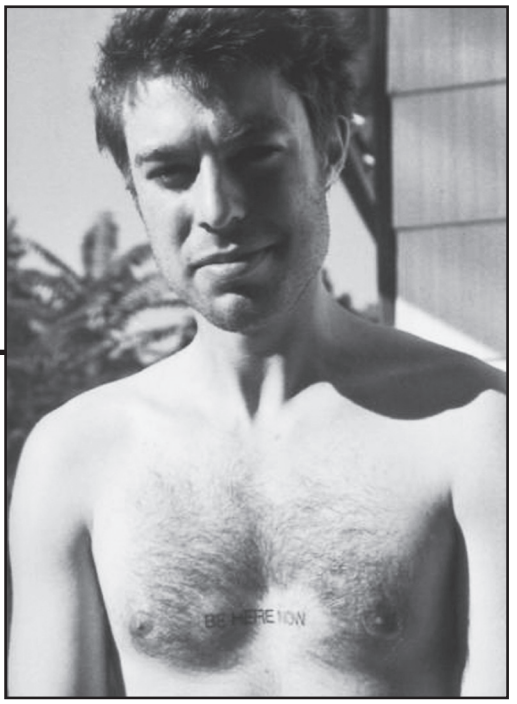
Kelly takes pride in keeping the focus on the playing field. But, in this 21st century climate, a career in the public eye means putting up with personal information turning public faster than copies of the Daily Emerald move from distribution rack to recycling bin.

Take for example, the size of Chip Kelly's scrotum. The fortitude Kelly displays each Saturday, like not punting on fourth down, has earned the third-year coach a most flattering nickname: 'Big Balls Chip.' Students, thousands of them, break into the Big Balls Chip chant while simulating the juggling of two humongous Paul Bunyan-like testicles. Weird, right?

I know as well as anyone that sports are an ideal platform for ego stroking. I'm just saying that everyone around me seemed a tad too eager to boast about the size of our head coach's Bunyan-sized balls.

"DEAR PRETTY EYES..."

wisdom JOSH KENNETT



As a young man with family in California, I look forward to a 9-hour drive there and back during the coming holidays. But here's the catch: with the rich foods that come with family get-togethers (oh, cheese!), I worry that once again I'll be faced with hot-boxing my car in manly-gasses. How do I get this stench out of my car in the weeks to come? Can I prevent the olfactory issue altogether?

Food And Ride Trouble

Young man (or should I say, young FART?), olfactory issues are all too common with real men like myself. I don't know your diet or eating habits, but here are some things to keep in mind. A major cause of flatulence is swallowed air, so monitor your breathing and make sure you're breathing through your nose at all times and not your mouth. Slow down your eating, because if you eat fast and don't chew your food thoroughly then you'll swallow air and your food won't be properly masticated. Also take smaller bites! You can't chew properly with a mouth stuffed with edibles. Diet is also big. Avoid foods high in fiber, yeast, carbohydrates, monosaturated and essential fats. Foods to avoid include beans, cabbage, brussels sprouts, and cauliflower. Eat smaller meals throughout the day rather than a few large meals. Regular exercise such as walks keeps the intestinal muscles in ship shape. Regular bowel movements keep the levels of gas producing bacteria low resulting in less flatulence. And FART, as far as the smell in your car try car fresheners or baking soda. Also roll down dem' windows if it's not too cold!

Here's the thing, I love my cat. She's a great cat, very loving (she licks like a dog) and she is so damn adorable when she's sleeping on my lap when I'm reading a book. Unfortunately my cat has a broken tail. Just limp as hell, man. I thought it would heal, but a year later, there it hangs. This, in and of itself, is not a problem. It is actually kind of adorable. The problem is that the broken tail also means dead nerves in her butt. This means she pees uncontrollably when she is sleeping. My whole apartment smells like cat pee. There are no doors (except to the bathroom) and I don't want my bed, three chairs, couch, and carpet to smell like pee. What do I do? This cat is like my child, man, I don't know what to do!

Putrid Urine Smells Stinky Yuck

PUSSY, You need to take her to a veterinarian, get her a cat diaper, or put her to death immediately. Otherwise PUSSY, you won't get no dates.

I've been trying to get my boyfriend to wear a Santa hat while we're having sex, but he won't. I think it's because he's Jewish, but still . . . I've satisfied all of his Kinky sexual desires. I've worn Morman underwear for him, I've made myself lactate for him, and he won't even wear a friggin' Santa hat! I even dressed like Anne Frank . . . So my question is, is he being unreasonable? AND would it be insensitive to his religion if I pushed the subject?

Thank you,
Your loyal reader,
Ho Ho Ho

Wow, you dressed up as Anne Frank for him??? The little Jewish girl who died in the Holocaust? He is a sick man. Listen, Ho, you should really ask him directly why he doesn't want to wear the hat. If he tells you it's because he's Jewish, then you may be overstepping the freedom of religion amendment. But if he just feels silly wearing a dopey hat, then he better man up because you obviously are willing to cater to his strange obsessions. It seems you are very attatched to this particular fantasy, so you should really not be afraid to have a calm sit-down chat with some hot cocoa and cookies. Chatting to him of course, not the hot cocoa and cookies. If he seems annoyed by the question, that means its something deeper than just wearing a Santa hat. This discussion could lead to many insecurities that are hidden below the surface, and it is up to you to dig them up. Ho, be careful.

Tryina cash my v-card. So far, sluttin it up, blacking out and going pantiless has not worked out. The cherry remains unpopped. For three-ish weeks now, this hunk, whom I've dubbed canis lupis, has been buying me dinner and going everywhere but home plate with me, and I know he's a huge baseball fan. This manwolf of mine is no virgin himself, however, he's slightly prude and is like trying to romance me and shit. Am I just an impatient ho, or do I just have to wait for the next full moon for him to 'rise' to the occasion? Howl I ever get to Bone Town?

Hymen Obsolete as of Right Now Yo

Well, HORNY, don't be so horny. If you come on too strong you might scare him off with your exposed fangs. Alternatively, if he is comfortably satiated with taking things at his own pace, then maybe foiling his plans and pouncing him will arouse an animal nature in canis lupis that even he is unaware of. It seems this attraction is purely of an animal nature. Do you not enjoy digging up graves and fishing bare-handed with this manwolf? Is there not satisfaction to wolf calls of philosophical inquiry or ideological utopian theorizing? Is this hunk of meat only good for eating? If all you want to do is go to bone town, than all the candlelight din dins won't buffer the time you are waiting for some real food. You might wanna consider a side plate HORNY. A booty call never hurt anyone. Well, not lethally anyway. One tried and true method: alcohol + party + low lighting. At the point of intoxication, whisper in his ear: "I really wanna go to a private room with you right now." Upon entry, pounce. Watch his reaction. If it's positive, then good. If negative then you have some sober talking to do. But I'd say he's not the manwolf you are looking for. He's seems a bit too civilized to be an animal. It's short-term sensuousness vs. long-term romance. Aka sexy-time vs super tease. Though he seems like someone you can depend on when you are wounded in battle, you decide.

Submit questions for Pretty Eyes to oregonvoice@gmail.com

SPORTS

A CASE STUDY IN NATIONALISM

words TYLER PELL
illustration MARY HALL

"Hey you. *Shut the fuck up*. Yeah, you, in the Orange … *Shut the fuck up*!"

If such an exchange is unfamiliar, it's likely you've never been to a sporting event, or for that matter, within a two-mile radius of one.

Locally, 60,000 people traverse the mighty Willamette River by way of footbridge or interstate to take in sports as the Romans did: in a huge-ass extravagant stadium. It is here where 'us' meets 'them,' where good meets evil, where the highest concentration of white dudes with diamond earrings and females with spray-on tans are found: Autzen Stadium.

The psyche of the sports fan is unchanging. The difference between us lies in the contradictory tales of sports bravery passed down from our parents, sanctifying certain figures while vilifying others. We're brainwashed.

Enter Autzen Nation. Encompassed physically by geopolitical boundaries, united audibly through a common anthem, and catalyzed most frequently by means of 12-pack, today's sports fan has become the subject of a case study in Nationalism.

As George Orwell defined: a nationalist is one who thinks solely, or mainly, in terms of competitive prestige. He is capable of the most flagrant dishonesty, but since he is conscious of serving something bigger than himself, he is also unshakably certain of being in the right.

Does that sound familiar? It does to the guy in the orange t-shirt.

It is precisely that synthetic sense of superiority, rooted foremost in geography, which fosters the belligerent attitude intrinsic to the unabashed sports fan, and nationalist.

"…united audibly through a common anthem, catalyzed most frequently by means of 12-pack, today's sports fan has become the subject of a case study in Nationalism."

Sure, we like to see our team win, but we also like to see the other team lose. As much as we like to celebrate, we like reducing others to tears. Nationalistically speaking, loving the home team means hating the away team. It's hella Taoist.[1]

Who can forget the last week of September, when a certain inebriated sect of UO students boldly stood their ground west of campus, demanding that the Five-0 respect their Beastie Boy-granted rights?

Authorities quickly extinguished the 'riot' with tear gas, but the students' virtuous message was clear: 'Go Ducks — Fuck OSU.'

I hope that doesn't qualify as something to tell your grandchildren about.

Not that I'm trying to spew hate on sports fans. I am one. I went to my first Celtics game when I was in utero. Childhood cartoons were supplanted with what amounted to Larry Bird propaganda. Today, I can't hear the name Los Angeles without thinking, "douchebag."

Still, I would even argue sports are probably, no, *definitely* a more appropriate outlet for our seemingly innate drunken nationalistic nature. So long as we can lift the microscope up every now and then and acknowledge — preferably before you throw your beer on that dude in the Beavers shirt — we're all just smaller players in a larger game.

Yesterday's nationalistic fervor has become today's ESPN crazed culture. Major universities like the UO have become a microcosm of the nation-state, and the athletic department, its war-machine.

Fortunately for those looking not to participate, the Athletic Industrial Complex is more accommodating towards conscientious objectors than its military counterpart.

1 For those not hip to 'the way,' Taoism is rooted in an ancient Chinese Philosophy which holds that all changes in nature are manifestations of the interplay between the polar opposites: yin and yang. Each of the two poles is dynamically linked to the other — To love something is to hate something. Just check out this status update, posted on Facebook after the Giants won the World Series: "world fucking champs!!! soooo happy!! eat a dick eric karros."

OREGON VOICE PUB CRAWL

VOICE DOGGIES CRAWL AND REVIEW THE EUGENE BARS

RENNIES

words KARI KOZNEK

Since 1981, Rennie's Landing has been a beacon of light to all seeking a satisfying cold beer after a long, hard day of academics. In the eyes of the Oregon Voice staffers, however, it served as a jumping off point for a much-anticipated evening.

The atmosphere was pleasant enough on the second story deck with its inviting fireplace. But, we weren't there for the sports broadcasting over the numerous television screens nor were we there for the minimal selection of microbrews. We were there to begin. The crisp fall air was thick with sobriety as we wondered to ourselves, "At what point will I realize I'm too drunk to go on?" "Will I be able to bike home safely after this?" and "What in god's name will The District be like?"

MAX'S

words MARY HALL

After agreeing to skip Taylors, the Voice Dawgs headed to Max's. A stop at Max's is like revisiting your pre-college home: the food (popcorn) is free, there's no cover, and it's always smaller than you remember.
We got a couple of pitchers and headed outback. (Sitting inside is okay, if you don't mind getting poked by pool sticks, but it's all about the heat lamps on the back deck.)
Max's is the training wheels bar: the company is unthreatening, the drinks are simple, and you get to sing along to oldies at the end of the night before bed. A perennial fave, but after an hour or so, the Voicies were ready to ride on to a 'grown-up's' bar.

THE DISTRICT

words NOAH DEWITT

An exodus of crawlers left Max's mostly empty. We mounted our saddles and made for the District. (Thankfully, no one got a BUI.) The District stands out starkly in Eugene's bar circuit. It's where you go if you're trying to grind. With its swirling colored lights and blaring techno-pop, it exudes sleaze. For this reason, it's only worth rolling to if you're with a fat posse. We were close to twenty in number, so upon entry, we conquered considerable dance floor territory. With $1-Coronas sloshing in our hands, we got down to dope, albeit obvious, selections. I vaguely remember the DJ following M.I.A.'s "Paper Planes" with Biggy's "Juicy," or was it "Hypnotize"? The District, despite its excesses, was a highlight of the night.

HORSEHEAD

words JENNIFER BUSBY

As I elbow my way to The Horsehead's bar to order a shot of whiskey with a beer back (free beer!), I can't help but feel like I'm in a casino.

Must be the carpet. Their well whiskey is McCormick—too syrupy for my taste, but the bartender juggles orders with ease on this packed Saturday night. I toss back my drinks and wander outside. On a clear night, the concrete patio is jammed with smokers. The hedges lining the area separate it from the adjacent sidewalk; I almost forget that I'm in the center of the barmuda triangle.

JAMESON'S

words QUINN MOTICKA

We hit Jameson's at the height of the night. Easily the most packed place we visited, it's one of my favorite bars downtown. I sometimes like it on a quieter night where you can play pool uninterrupted, and when busy the outside area can be a bit of a let down; it's not as spacious as Horsehead's or Rennie's. But there's always a great atmosphere; the lights are low, and the booths comfy. We were all a little drunk by that point, and I think a couple of people had trickled away. At 1 a.m. it was the perfect time to get the full effect of drunken college students in the Barmuda. We hung out for a while, each person finding someone they knew there, before booking it over to the Whiteaker to finish the crawl.

COWFISH

words TYLER PELL

I don't remember much of Cowfish. I don't even remember how I got into Cowfish. I do remember its scent, reminiscent of my Grandmother's copy of Mademoiselle Magazine: an amalgam of overpriced perfumes. The bar looked too fancy. Fear of over-priced drinks and hard-to-pronounce over-priced beverages kept me away. I did use their bathroom though. It felt a lot like a middle school bathroom. Probably had something to do with an overheard conversation from the next stall. It went

something like this: "Come on, just flash me. Please? Baby, Please …" I hope she didn't flash him.

SAM BOND'S GARAGE

words CARA MERENDINO

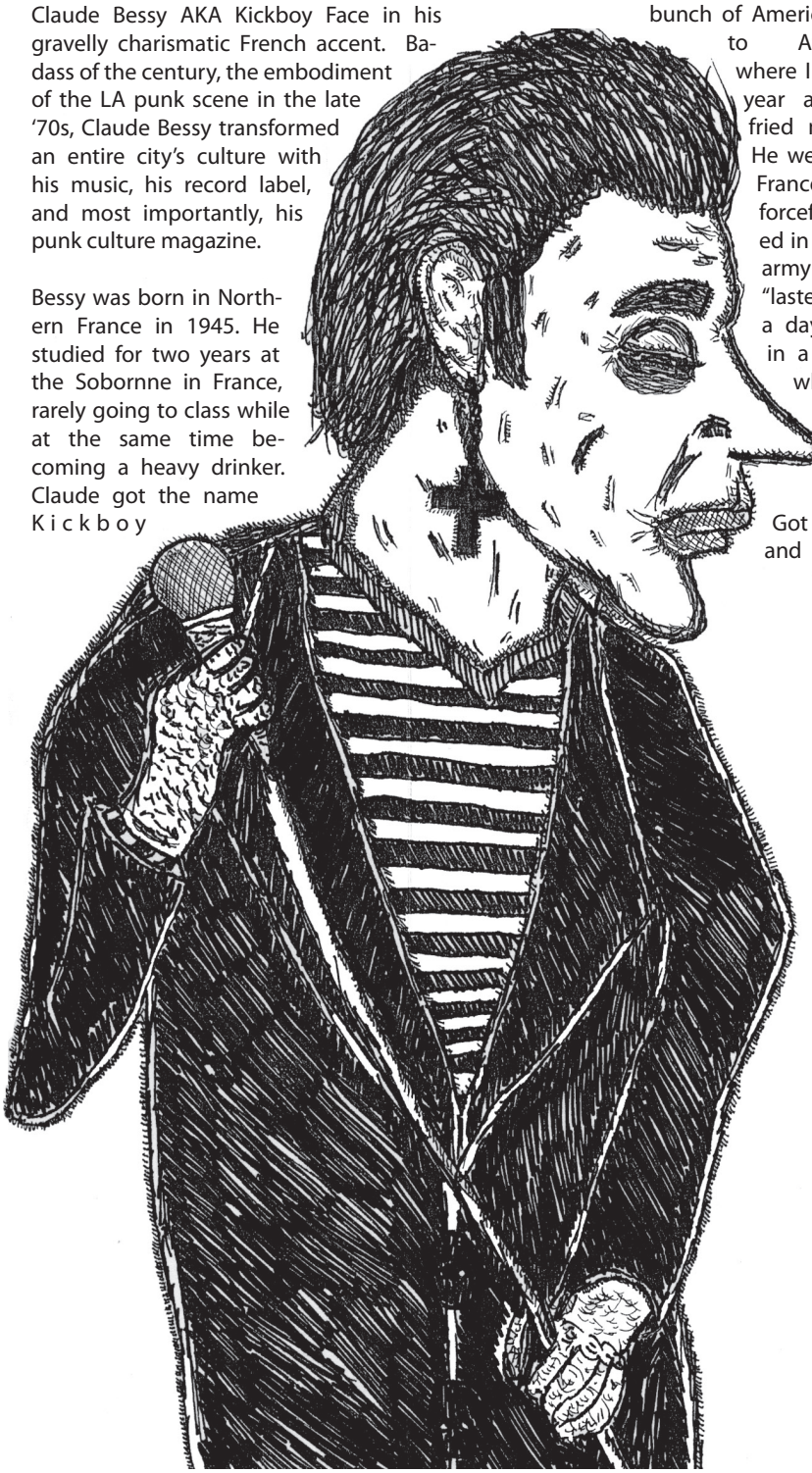
By the time we reached the Whiteaker, the Flying V had been cut down to the Voice's most dedicated livers. Rolling only one third as deep as we had when we hit the District with full force, we rolled up to Sam Bonds at approximately 1:30, maybe 1:40 because the bartenders had clean-up in their eyes. Sam Bonds is my local bar, and I was just sauced enough to call Cricket, the bartender, "Turtle." (Aside: Consider this review my formal apology for doing so, you're a nice guy, and always pour 'em strong.) So we took the back patio by storm, sipping hard cider and dark brews to nightcap our romping. Our stout leader, Noah D. insisted we mob to Tiny Tavern but alas … it was far too late. Leader DeWitt's judgement was cloudy, though, and moments after leaving, he yakked off the curb. Believe you me, though, the Dawg spews with grace … he made a quick recovery, smiled, and said, "someone had to do it!"

CHECK OUT THE REST OF THE PICS ON THE OREGON VOICE FACEBOOK PAGE!!

KICKBOY FACE

words and art JOSEPH DE SOSA

"I'm not writing to be pleasant …the intent is to really piss off people that I really hate and I want to see them dead and I really despise everything they stand for … and I really want them to hate me," said Claude Bessy AKA Kickboy Face in his gravelly charismatic French accent. Badass of the century, the embodiment of the LA punk scene in the late '70s, Claude Bessy transformed an entire city's culture with his music, his record label, and most importantly, his punk culture magazine.



Bessy was born in Northern France in 1945. He studied for two years at the Sobornne in France, rarely going to class while at the same time becoming a heavy drinker. Claude got the name Kickboy Face from an old Prince Jazzbo record. He worked as a switchboard operator at the Hilton in France and applied for a transfer to work at the Hilton in Istanbul, Turkey. After arriving there, he "went to the nearest pharmacy, bought a crate of amphetamines, maxitone or some French shit, and headed with a bunch of American surfers to Afghanistan, where I lived for a year and totally fried my brains." He went back to France and was forcefully enlisted in the French army where he "lasted about a day, was put in a loony bin where I was scheduled for electric shocks. Got out of that and went off to the states." After arriving in Los Angeles, Kickboy made money by selling drugs, dealing guns, robbing people of their stash, and working as a waiter, cook, and janitor.

Punk needed Claude Bessy just as much as Claude needed punk. He got into punk when his friend called him and told him to "check this punk thing out." Before that he had been obsessed with reggae, and put out the first reggae fanzine in Los Angeles called Angeleno Dread. His biggest contribution to the culture of Los Angeles was *Slash Magazine*. Initially, it was just Bessy and a friend reviewing the few punk albums they had. The first issue of *Slash* came out in May 1977, costing $400 to produce. Two weeks later, they started getting a response. "There was a snowball effect. It started as a bluff; we were pretending there was an LA scene when there was no scene whatsoever. The magazine was it. Then all these disaffected loonies focused on [Slash]." Until then, punk culture had really only existed in Europe and New York. According to Bessy, the magazine gave a voice to bands that were being ignored because "the record companies and media were all hippies who had made it, and they were very hostile."

In 1978 *Slash* evolved into a record label, and Bessy began putting out albums by the most important and influential bands in music history. The Germs' only album was put out by Slash. X put out albums on Slash as well, which played a huge part in popularizing a music scene ignored and hated because it was perceived as violent and dangerous to a moral society. Bessy formed his own band, Catholic Discipline with other LA punk superstars. They were one of the first LA bands that moved onto a post punk sound. They never made it out of LA, and never made any proper recordings, but marked an evolution for Los Angeles music.

Without Kickboy Face, there would be little documentation for a scene that eventually changed the face of music. Los Angeles never would have gotten over the glam rock infestation of the early 70's. There would be no Germs, no X without Slash Records or Magazine. There would be no LA punk scene. When people say modern music is boring, and music is not what it used to be, it's because there is no more Kickboy Face. There's nobody who truly doesn't give a shit about shit. There is nobody willing to hold honesty over success. Claude Bessy died October 2nd, 1999 at the age of 54.

OOH BABY, I LIKE IT RAW

The Oregon Voice tests the waters of Eugene's sushi scene, so you don't have to.

words TYLER PELL
art MYLECE BURLING

DISCLAIMER: I'm in no way qualified to review sushi bars.

Sushi Pure

296 E 5th Ave. Eugene, OR 97401

Too expensive. I'll assume it's really good though. (Pub. Note: It is indeed the bomb.)

PRICE: $$$$$

Sushi Station

199 E 5th Ave. Eugene, OR 97401

First stop on my Sushi excursion brought me to the Sushi Station. Interesting scene. Modern light fixtures, leather chairs, blonde waitresses and three flat screen T.V.'s tuned to ESPN cast a very un-Japanese tone. There was food, too. The sushi conveyor belt, which was tight, had copious amounts of imitation crab. Not tight. Much of sushi looked like it began its journey on the conveyor belt in a supermarket. Things got better. I ordered the Rainbow Roll, the Monster Roll and the Station's own Eugene Roll. Portions were on the small side; prices were on the steep side. Sushi Station's own Eugene Roll, with fresh eel, avocado and cucumber was dank. The rest of the sushi was good, but all doused in an assortment of sauces and toppings with deep-fried this, or imitation that. Bottom line: If you like sushi you'll probably like Sushi Station. If raw fish isn't really your thing, you'll probably really like Sushi Station.

PRICE: $$$

Sushi Ya

5 E 8th Ave. Eugene, OR 97401

I can barely remember how their sushi was cause all I was thinking about was their bathroom. It has a bidet in it! No joke. My roommate used to work there. She never mentioned the bidet. I'm kind of mad about that. That seems like information you'd share. Angelique, what the fuck? I wonder, how often is it used? Do people go to Sushi Ya just to use it? Is it sketchy to use a quasi-public bidet? Yes, yes, and yes. Beyond the bathroom, the restaurant's décor was much more of the standard Japanese-inspired design you'd expect. The place was clean, comfortable and somewhat practical. The food was decent and the prices weren't outrageous. Bottom line: they have a bidet.

PRICE: $$$

Miso

686 E 13th Ave. Eugene, OR

Miso is run by the same owner as Sushi Station but it isn't exactly its sister location. More like stepsister. It's cheap—miso soup for just a dollar! It's also really close to campus, which means that unless your parents are in town, this is the sushi for you. The biggest difference between Miso and The Sushi Station is cosmetic. It's not quite as modern. It's not quite as clean. And instead of Japanese cooks behind the bar, Latinos are rolling your sushi. Nonetheless, for the price, it wasn't bad. Both rolls I got were 'crunchy' meaning fried in tempura batter. Not complaining, I ate it without hesitation. I was fully satisfied, and no food borne illnesses as of yet. Despite a food court-like vibe, I'm down with Miso.

PRICE: $$

Union Market

EMU Basement, University of Oregon

This is going to sound odd, but out of all the sushi bars I went to, the paltry sushi selection in the cooler of the Union Market was the only place with real crabmeat. The quality wasn't exceptional, and I wouldn't necessarily recommend eating raw fish out of a cooler in the EMU basement, but damn, real crabmeat.

PRICE: $$

OVERHEARD

Droppin' eaves on yo' ass

"I NEED A PEAR."

"SHE'S A CHILL BUNNY."

"BUT LTD CAN LICK MY SWEATY, SHAVEN NUTSACK. GO DUCKS."

"...YOU GETTIN' WASTED TONIGHT?"

"...YOU GONNA BLACKOUT TONIGHT?"

"...YOU GONNA PISS YOURSELF TONIGHT?"

"JFK, HE WAS KIND OF A DICK. BUT ROBERT AND TED, THEY WERE KIND OF TIGHT."

"I MEAN I DO IT ALL THE TIME, BUT IT REALLY ISN'T ETHICAL."

"Your mom thinks you're gay?"

"WELL THE THING IS, I HAVE THIS GIGANTIC 12-FOOT POLE."

As I danced self-consciously with a Ghanaian female stranger, the distance between us shrinking slowly to nil and eventually to a negative value, digital drums and ebullient synth poured out of speakers twice my size. With headphones half on, the club's DJ gave the evening an up-tempo soundtrack full of hand claps, air horns, Rastafarian gibberish, and romantic verses, half-rapped, half-sung, and copiously laden with autotune. This is the sound of hiplife, the modern music of Ghana.

The genre gets its name from its two tributaries, hip-hop and highlife. The former, pioneered three decades ago by youth in the African diasporra (i.e. the New York hood), is now the genre overwhelmingly preferred by youth on the Continent; the latter is a guitar-based pop genre that emerged in Ghana in the '60s and has since been a point of cultural pride.

The word that best describes hiplife's sound is 'happy.' The moment it hits the inner ear, the brain starts sending signals: Feet, groove! Pelvis, gyrate! Ass, shake! A small dose of the stuff usually results in fits of dancing and endorphin highs.

The only problem is that hiplife rarely reaches ears outside of West Africa. The trans-Atlantic MP3 trade is for the most part a one-way street; America exports its pop to the globe's every corner, and only a sad trickle of world music returns. But it doesn't have to be that way. Whether you're looking to purchase or to pirate, this short list of Ghanaian artists should guide the Google-savvy toward living the hiplife.

words NOAH DEWITT

Nana Boro

I went to Ghana on a six-week internship program led by Professor Leslie Steeves of the School of Journalism and Communications to work as a reporter for a newspaper in Accra, the country's chaotic coastal capital. Whether in the office, in da club, or on the tro-tro (the national mode of transportation¬—a Volts Wagon van that seats 20 uncomfortably), one song permeated the airwaves particularly: "Aha Yede" by Accra duo Nana Boro. A friendly Twi-speaker translated the chorus as, "This place is crackin'/everywhere else is dead," lyrics that encapsulate perfectly the party ethos. For the eight weeks I spent in Ghana, I didn't go a single day without hearing it at least once. Ghanaians are apparently immune to overplay.

R2BEES

Another ubiquitous track from the summer was "Kiss Your Hand" by R2BEES. With Jamaican-style rapping in the verses, T-Pain-inspired vocals in the chorus, and futuristic synth throughout, it's a quintessential hiplife song. Despite all its modern influences, however, the song retains a distinctly Ghanaian style of harmonizing. While the song's lyrics are so romantic they make you blush (e.g. "Allow me to kiss your hand, be your man/you know, I understand"), its music video is less wholesome, featuring scantily clad honeys in hot tubs and sports cars.

Ruff-N-Smooth

All four of the mix CDs I bought from street-side vendors featured this up-and-coming duo's monstrous hit "Swagger." The song starts with a hook: "She get swagger/She be sweet like banana/She dey come from Ghana/Ah, ah, she's a diva." Their raps don't technically "rhyme" and their words are encrypted in pidgin, but that doesn't matter; Ruff-N-Smooth are rad Afro-rap that's great for getting down to.

Go to www.oregonvoice.com/media to stream tracks by Nana Boro, R2BEES, and Ruff-N-Smooth.

LIFE AND TIMES OF AN R.A.

words SAIGE KOLPACK
art TAYLOR JOHNSTON

Resident Assistants are a reviled breed on campus. They write you up while you try to play beer pong in your 144 square foot dorm. They even have the nerve to tell you to turn down that Nickatina at 3 in the morning, just when you were going dumb. People expect an RA to be a particular type of person — namely the opposite of chill. I'm not saying that this assumption is incorrect, just that there are exceptions.

I say this because I find myself on the writing end of the write-ups this year. I'm an RA, and I became one because I thought I'd be good at it. When I tell this to upperclassmen, rather than the look of ridicule that I expect, I get a look of surprise because I don't quite fit that particular type; not every RA does. A lot of times I get the same question: "Do I enjoy writing people up?" No, surprisingly enough, I'm not on some weird power trip where I gain satisfaction for bustin' a kid for smoking weed in his room. It's the worst part of the job, and I think most would be surprised at how many other RAs feel the same way. People have the same bitterness towards RAs as they do towards cops.

> "I'm not on some weird power trip where I gain satisfaction for bustin' a kid for smoking weed in his room. It's the worst part of the job, and I think most would be surprised at how many other RAs feel the same way."

But it's not the same. The police don't have to live with you after writing you a ticket or be on the job practically 24/7. We do. Can you imagine living with someone after getting them in trouble? So you ask, "Why not just turn a blind eye?" Because that's a good way to lose my job — and my room and board.
There is a difference between trying to find people to write up and just dealing with things when you have to. I realize that. Maybe you can identify; hardly anyone likes every aspect of her job [that feminine pronoun is dedicated to the Women's Center], and that happens to be the part of my job that sucks. It's not the part I thought I'd be good at.

What I am good at is planning Barnhart Brunches, Saturday Market excursions, and uncomfortably standing on the boy's floor as I ask if they're going to come to Sex in the Dark with me. I'm good at getting to know 88 new people and genuinely wanting to know how they're doing, and being there when the answer to that is "bad."

Whether it's a hookah in a room, making our hall smell like one big, delicious fire hazard, an illegally obtained fire hose abandoned in the stairwell, a near-naked boy in a suit of bubble wrap, a wandering drunken stranger, or a wang drawn on every surface possible, there is always something that needs dealing with.

I feel like I'm always walking at a fast pace, always running late to a meeting or a class or a program. I hope my walk doesn't come off as one of those "I'm the shit" walks. You know that kind of walk that's like, I'm walking fast because I'm important and have important things to do, because in reality it's more like an "I'm losing my shit" walk.

Sure the job is stressful. Sure the word "Seriously?" crosses my mind several times a day in reaction to the things some freshmen do, and sure the job takes up a good portion of my life. But as one of the few non-freshmen who live in the tiny dorm world, I can say that some of them are in fact pretty cool.

So maybe it's time to make amends with your freshmen year RA, because they probably dealt with a lot more shit than writing you up after you stumbled into the hall holding a bottle of vodka. Or maybe it's not; maybe that RA was exactly as evil as you perceived. Just know that not all of us are that way, and that some do it for genuinely good reasons, most importantly free room and board.

Not everything can make the mag.

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All you're missing is a . and a com and you're there!

OV's Tyler Pell gets an exclusive interview with the editors of *Bang!*

Bronwynn Manois and Steven Weeks run Eugene's newest alt-weekly, *Bang!,* the second incarnation of The Dropout, the short-lived biweekly which dissolved last July. Sadly, when the Dropout's publisher 'dropped-off' in the middle of July, he left the rest of the staff and his advertisers out to dry. But to much of Eugene's delight, Manois and Weeks were there to pick up the pieces. *Bang!* debuted in early September and have been offering up fresh angles on Eugene underground art, news and culture every other Wednesday since. Call it the alternative, alternative weekly. The Voice caught up with Manois and Weeks, both UO grads, and the following words were, more or less, exchanged. One question I forgot to ask was how they liked placing an exclamation point after the word *Bang!* (like that) every time they used the magazine's name. Cause Microsoft Word doesn't like it one bit.

OV: Did you think Eugene was in need another voice in the community like Bang!?

Bronwynn: Given what else we have in town, besides the *[Eugene] Weekly* and the *[Register] Guard*, for the most part we saw that there was a lot of stuff that wasn't being covered. [With *The Dropout*] we just saw this huge response in the community, like especially the arts and the underground music community because they were frustrated with the lack of coverage. One of the big pushes is our Arts Editor, Sean Aaberg. He comes back to me and says he was really emotionally attached to having this other paper in town and wanted to know what we can do to get started.

OV: The tone is similar, but there's something different about *Bang!* What did you guys learn from The *Dropout*?

Bronwynn: We wanted to class it up a little bit. There was some stuff that was just too sophomoric

Steven: Potty humor.

Bronwynn: [laughs]

Bronwynn: We also decided to have a little more focus on a more visual design.,to have it be something you maybe want to hold onto. It's not going to be like the Weekly. You're not going to want to just toss after you look at the events calendar. [Ed. note: ouch.]

OV: What role do you see *Bang!* filling in Eugene?

Steven: We're trying to bridge the gap between the main media, the *Weekly* and the *Guard* — and there are a whole lot smaller zines and smaller publications — we're trying to bridge the gap. We're trying to be mass media actually, be out in the public all the time.

Bronwynn: Yeah. Like people will have a paper they can rely on. We know we'll see it in more places. On the same token, we don't want to do things that are already covered. We really don't want to come out as any kind of competition with the *Weekly*, because we're doing things that are distinctly not them.

OV: What is your relationship like with the *Eugene Weekly*?

Bronwynn: That music writer guy.

Steven: I can't believe that. One of their writers was feeling threatened by us.

Bronwynn: He's like, 'you're the enemy, I know who you are, I know what your name is'… really?

OV: Like, a joke?

Bronwynn: No, not at all. Like, serious.

Steven: We don't pose any threat to them honestly. We're getting all the advertisers who can't afford to be in the *[Eugene] Weekly* to begin with.

Bronwynn: Or, who have had particularly bad experiences with the Weekly and have no interest in advertising them, or have problems with the politics.

OV: Are there parallels or similar dynamics to the Portland Alt-weeklies, Willamette Week and the Portland Mercury?

Steven: I do look up, not necessarily the *[Willamette] Week*, but the *[Portland] Mercury* and the *[Portland] Stranger* are doing something along the lines were trying to

do. They're more cutting edge, not quite tired, boring news. They're funny, witty, good design, it's colorful, yeah. We're not necessarily trying to be like them, but kind of taking elements from them.

OV: It seems as though a lot of the businesses that advertise are Whiteaker-based. Do you see yourselves as more Whiteaker's Weekly?

Steven: We're really not trying to be any kind neighborhood paper. We're trying to be as broad as possible. Right now the interest lies in downtown and the Whiteaker. We definitely don't want to be limited to that.

Bronwynn: We've been accused of being too Whiteaker-Centric before, but I mean I don't even live there. It's just where the interest is, where the readers are now. We're trying to be right off-campus too. We're not particularly invited to be on campus. There have been some comments, I actually have a friend who is a GTF, in the journalism department now who I asked to bring a stack into Allen Hall. Even some of my old teachers don't really want that what we bring as an alternative to what they're teaching. Or, to show that what they are teaching isn't the only way to approach journalism.

OV: What advice would you have for someone wanting to start their own magazine like you guys did?

Bronwynn: Have a way to support yourself. Don't expect this to be a moneymaker. It's a full-time job for a lot of people, but without the full time pay. So have a way to balance out and be able to live

Steven: All you need is a copy machine to make your own little zine or something, that's really all you need to do.

OV: *Bang!* Kind of a suggestive name. Has it gotten you guys any dates?

Bronwynn: (laughs.)

Steven: Well.

Bronwynn: I'm married and I have kids, so…

Steven: I already got my date. It's actually kind of counterproductive on the whole having relationships kinda thing.

Steven: We're huge nerds too. Like, pretty big.

Benjamin Franklin is Dead: The Decline of Public Education

words GRACE PETTYGROVE
art JULIAN WATTS

In an April headline, the *Oregon Daily Emerald* told us that we had won; the incidental fee dropped a whopping nine dollars this year. Yet, I discovered a casual announcement buried in the fifth paragraph:

"The fee reduction will not decrease the cost of enrollment for students next year, however. Undergraduate tuition and fees will increase by $897 for Oregon residents and $2,157 for out of state students, on average."

Assuming such a loss of future rent money warranted a bit more coverage, I contacted an editor at the *Daily Emerald* — who told me that there would be no editorializing on the issue because "it's been happening for so long, it's not an issue."

Fair enough; our tuition has been rising steadily since the 1970s, and seven percent is nothing compared to the 33% tuition increase that University of California students saw in the spring. While Berkeley rioted, we just picked up a couple more shifts at work, complained about it to our parents, or dropped out quietly. Even though in-state annual fees are about the same at Oregon and California public schools on the quarter system (about $9,000 a year for full credits), our big bill crept up slow enough so that nobody got pissed about it.

Our rising tuition coincides with a gradual decrease in state funding. An income tax-funded public university will have resources that fluctuate with the economy, but Oregon's decreasing investment in higher ed has persisted through decades of boom and bust. We may as well be called a "publicly supplemented" university. Only seven percent of university funding comes from the state. Forty percent is student fees, and the rest is some form of private gift, grant, contract, or "auxiliary enterprise."

Tuition is going up, degree completion in the U.S. is going down, and University President Lariviere gives us "the New Partnership." In a convoluted white paper released on the "New Partnership" website, Lariviere proposes that we "preserve our public mission" by institutionalizing the privatization of our university system.

Under Lariviere's bright new shiny plan that will fix everything, the University will take the state's money and turn it into a "public quasi-endowment" that will be "capitalized" (invested?) and matched dollar for dollar by "gift monies."

But, if I'm reading this right, the "gift monies" wouldn't be anything like your traditional gift, which is given and received freely and openly.

"We would be required to match the public endowment funds with private funding," says Lariviere's white paper.

In other words, the University will be required to garner a certain amount of the private monies every year, as if our lives depended on the people who gave us birthday presents.

It's hard to say, especially when the language is inaccessible to the average non-University president, to what extent we can call this scheme "privatization" — but we can make comparisons. After University of Washington's semi-quasi-sort of public endowment scheme, enacted in 2009 and referenced in Lariviere's white paper, U-dub now faces yearly double-digit tuition hikes.

Washington has managed to garner some especially lucrative private donations--most notably a $120 million defense contract with the U.S. Navy to fund research and development in the physics laboratory…

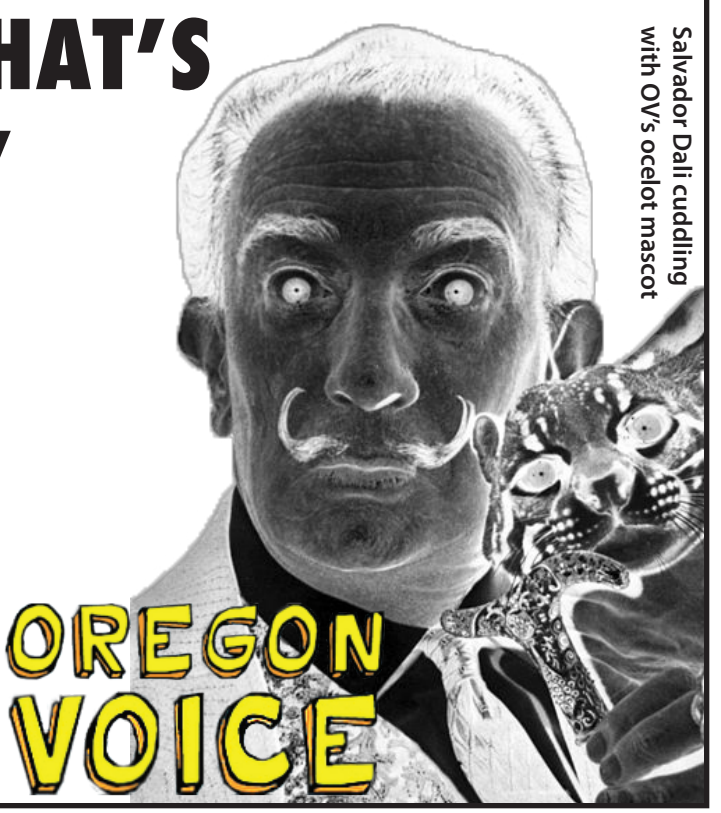
Which affirms my belief that the greatest thing lost in the decline of public education is academic independence. We've already seen private interests encroach on the public values of our University. What does it mean to argue about whether or not a frivolous campus building (read: Jaqua Center) involves public money when the majority of the University's funding is private? Our academic programs get cut back and tuition goes up because there just isn't enough money. Meanwhile, Phil Knight shits a useless golden brick right across the street from Oregon Hall that we have to maintain with public money. We can't say no.

If you attend the University of Oregon, you chose public, and probably for a reason. Even as tuition hikes become old news, the public university is still more affordable than the private, which depends on a wealthy student body and the misguided benevolence of capitalists. Even if a private institution can afford to let the poorest students in for free because the the rest are wealthy, there's still no room for a healthy middle class.

If Oregon wants public education, then Oregon has to start funding public education and stop relying on private donors who don't have the best interest of students in mind. Lariviere: I can see that you're trying, but please stop canoodling with the private sector. I know that it's tempting to call out Phil Knight's name when you feel lost in the dark. But if capitalism sticking its dick in our public university actually made things better, I wouldn't have so many fucking loans to pay off.

LOOKING FOR SOMETHING TO DO THIS WEEKEND THAT'S CHEAP AND EASY (JUST LIKE YOUR DATE)?

Check out our Events Calendar on oregonvoice.com for fun stuff to do in the Eugene area.



Salvador Dali cuddling with OV's ocelot mascot

VEGAN JUNKIES

words and art JENNIFER BUSBY

Comedian Myq Kaplan tells a joke about vegetarians and vegans: the reason they live longer is because no one invites them to anything fun or dangerous. After all, who wants to be at a barbecue with a buzz-kill who moos plaintively at the burgers on the grill?

When most of us hear vegan, we think salads and celery. Carrot sticks. Grey cubes of tofu.

We think about the foods vegans don't eat: cheese pizza, ice cream, fried eggs, and cake. What kind of person would willingly give up cheese?

But eating ethically doesn't mean sacrificing flavor. Those handy with a spatula can veganize almost any food. Simply trade out milk and butter for vegan alternatives. Although eggs can prove tricky to replace, a well-trod path has been blazed that makes it possible to enjoy baked goods without encouraging the enslavement of millions of chickens.

Foods like curry and lentil dal are traditionally vegan. This fare is common in vegan cuisine; it's both filling and nutritious.

As veganism becomes more prevalent, particularly in the Northwest, more American (read: processed) food has been veganized. Although it is animal-product free, it is certainly not healthy. Care needs to be taken to ensure that basic nutritional requirements are met. Surviving on red licorice may sound like a great plan until you collapse while walking to class.

> "Surviving on red licorice may sound like a great plan until you collapse while walking to class."

A friend tells the story of a man she knew whose strict adherence to veganism persisted into his long bout with scarlet fever. A combination of illness and malnutrition eventually forced him back to animal products.

There are some people who become vegan for health reasons and make an effort to consider nutrition in meal planning. For many others, though, veganism is an ethical issue. Health plays a lesser role in what foods they eat.

As a general rule, avoid ethics around the dinner table. Nobody wants to hear that the fried eggs they're eating came from chickens who spend their short lives caged, standing on the heaped bodies of their fallen compatriots.

With the rising prevalence of vegan and vegetarianism, more restaurants are springing up to cater to those who avoid animal products in their diets.

Eugene's Cornbread Cafe has an assortment of comfort food — all of it vegan. There's cornbread, of course, but they also serve mac uncheese and southern fried tofu. For those looking to enjoy the same foods they ate as omnivores without compromising

their ethics, such restaurants provide a good alternative.

In the past year, Holy Donuts and The Divine Cupcake have opened in Eugene, offering vegan donuts and cupcakes, respectively.

Vegan chef Isa Chandra Moskowitz, coauthor of the biblical Veganomicon, has two cookbooks devoted to the sweet stuff. The first focuses on cupcakes, the second on cookies. Vegan Cookies Invade Your Cookie Jar, released earlier this year, includes recipes from old favorites like chocolate chip cookies and snickerdoodles to inventions like green tea walnut biscotti. Although Oreos are already vegan, she includes a recipe for making them yourself. The filling is simply vegetable shortening and sugar — a far cry from any salad.

Moskowitz got her start in Brooklyn on The Post Punk Kitchen, a program she produced for public access television. In the first episode, she makes chocolate-orange cupcakes. She explains her choice of Grand Marnier for the orange flavor in the recipe. "I feel like orange juice is going to make it taste too healthy," she says with a laugh. After describing what goes into the chocolate orange frosting, she says, "It's not the healthiest frosting in the world, but I don't think it's going to kill you."

Which brings us to the holy grail of junk food: fried fare. French fries *are* vegan, after all. Portland's Hungry Tiger Too has a full vegan menu and serves dollar corndogs every Wednesday. The place is packed week after week.

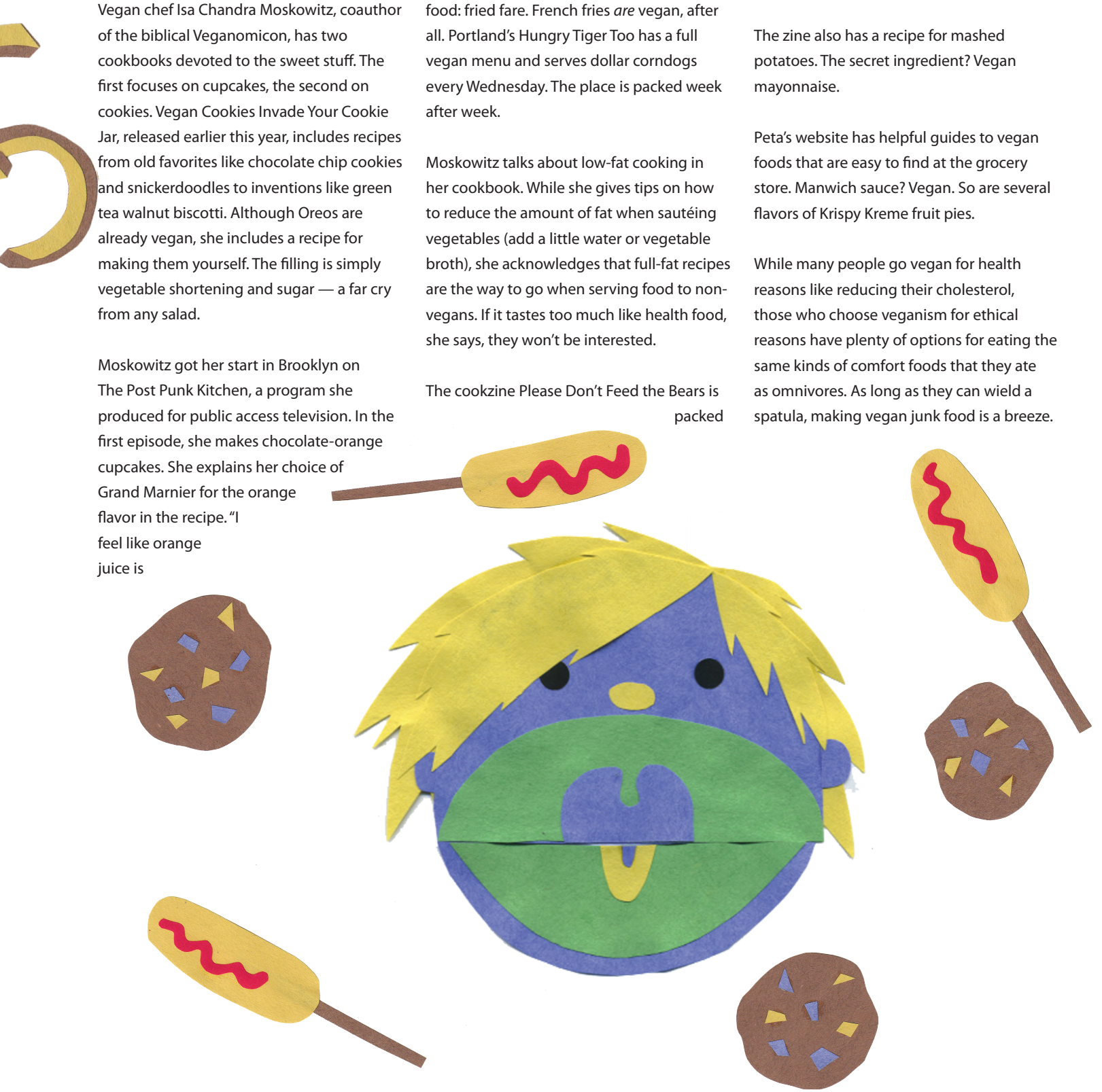
Moskowitz talks about low-fat cooking in her cookbook. While she gives tips on how to reduce the amount of fat when sautéing vegetables (add a little water or vegetable broth), she acknowledges that full-fat recipes are the way to go when serving food to non-vegans. If it tastes too much like health food, she says, they won't be interested.

The cookzine Please Don't Feed the Bears is packed with recipes for greasy vegan food. Each recipe is paired with suggested listening, typically obscure nordic metal bands. One of the standouts? Frankenbeans: a vegan version of pork-n-beans made with soy dogs and a smoky homemade barbecue sauce. Excellent fourthmeal fodder.

The zine also has a recipe for mashed potatoes. The secret ingredient? Vegan mayonnaise.

Peta's website has helpful guides to vegan foods that are easy to find at the grocery store. Manwich sauce? Vegan. So are several flavors of Krispy Kreme fruit pies.

While many people go vegan for health reasons like reducing their cholesterol, those who choose veganism for ethical reasons have plenty of options for eating the same kinds of comfort foods that they ate as omnivores. As long as they can wield a spatula, making vegan junk food is a breeze.



BAD TRIP: TEENAGE RAVERS NEED A BABYSITTER

words ANDREA SALYER

art MARY HALL

I'm not a raver kid. Somewhere between the electric pulse, glow sticks, and half-naked 15-year-olds, I lose my passion to party. But before I knew I had partying standards, I got a chance to volunteer at a rave by Triangle Lake called Where Life Begins. With a free ticket and a chance to check out the scene, I figured it couldn't be that bad. I was no short of stoked, because the fact is, I like to get down — with anyone else who likes to get down — and it usually ends up being a good time.

> "Somewhere between the electric pulse, glow sticks, and 15 year olds half naked, I lose my passion to party."

When I envision a mass gathering of people, coming together to listen to music, it seems like things can't really go wrong. But something went horribly wrong here, and although it might sound awfully cheesy, I think it was a genuine lack of love and respect for people and nature coupled with a fierce sense of excess. As people, and especially as partying people, we need to look out for each other. I found a girl half-naked in the blackberry bushes, screaming and crying in 40 degree weather, while her friends were five feet away laughing there asses off. I saw at least one kid hauled off in an ambulance because he'd overdosed, while people partied on trying not to notice. But most of what I saw was way too many kids taking drugs just to get fucked up: mushrooms, acid, meth, DMT, ecstasy, coke, anything.

When I say kids, it's not kids like "I'm in college but I'm immature" kids. It's like "I'm 14 and I just started puberty" kids. I'm no role model. My high school experience involved a lot of pot, some PBR, psychedelics and a lot of other stuff I don't remember. But when did popping press tabs and fishing out become an adolescent pastime? In my time with teenage angst, I never heard of kids getting down like this and to put it crudely, shit's fucked.

I got a lot of bones to pick, not only with the rave scene, but with substance abuse in general and I'll try really hard not to sound like your mom.

First, no matter what your age, psychedelics aren't for getting wasted like a 12-pack is. A lot of us already know people actually use mushrooms, acid, and DMT for spiritual enlightenment, connecting to one another and connecting to the environment around us. Out of respect for the substances and respect for those individuals who ingest them with respect, please don't take psychedelics unless you appreciate what potential they have.

Second, when you're partying with tons of people, look out for them. We are all trying to have a good time, but when someone needs

help — fuck! Just do what you can. This seems like a given. As I write it seems ridiculous to make note of mutual aid. Yet this rave had a serious lack of love. These kids were in it for themselves, through and through. And if someone started wigging out, the best method was to leave them, because they ruin your good time.

Third, just because all you want to do is get fucked up and forget about it all, doesn't mean you've got full rein to fuck up your environment. Where Life Begins was a total raping of the woods it was held in: Whip-it containers, water bottles, and plastic garbage of all sorts. The place looked like a landfill of careless consumers, too tired and strung out to clean up after themselves.

I guess what I'm getting at is I felt like I was the oldest and most mature person there. These are all scary thoughts. I'm 20 years old, high on acid, and the only person that gives a fuck about you right now. Words of wisdom: If you're going to put tons of shit in your body like you're an adult and you know what's up, then in the words of one of the greats, "Buy the ticket, Take the ride." And don't expect anyone to be there unless you're there too.

RULES TO SHRED BY

DPS Captain Ed Rinne Speaks on Cyclist and Skater Rights

words GEORGE HEISE
photos MICHAEL REINER & WILLIAM THOMPSON

"Stunting is a habit. Get like me! Ever see a Chevy with butta'fly doors?"
-David Banner, 'Get Like Me'

Instead of writing an erotic article on how to buy an efficient lock and use it erectly, I decided to spit in the wind regarding clues over skateboarder and bicyclist rights on campus and downtown. That lougie blew east of campus, caressing pavement and gravel, cascading over the rabble of rubber and urethane, directly into the DPS building. I sat down with DPS Captain Ed Rinne to talk about cyclists and skater rights on campus and downtown, to learn which maneuvers are prosecutable and which are benign. This is what I learned.

What is stunting?

Stunting is defined as an "acrobatic maneuver" that is reckless or dangerous to those around you. Join the circus or get off campus.

What is illegal besides stunting?

For bicycles and skateboards riding on sidewalks is illegal. No shit. "No skating is allowed on walkways, sidewalks, loading docks, driveways, or access ramps unless specifically posted for this use." According to Ed Rinne, these rules also apply to bikes. Non-motorized vehicle traffic is limited to 13th, 15th, and University. Excluding the majority of campus areas covered in concrete. I don't really understand the drastic differences between concrete and asphalt, especially when the majority of 13th and 15th streets on campus don't have a painted bike lane anyway.

In a rush?

Riding off and up curbs also counts as stunting. This includes ollieing, powersliding, and wheels leaving contact with the pavement. Unless you're avoiding an emergency or an accident, drifting or powersliding is illegal on bike or board on campus.

What is the speed limit on campus?

The speed limit on campus is 15 mph. Although this doesn't include speed limit signs on campus, skateboards are not allowed to reach 'dangerous' speeds. Both bicycles and skateboards have to yield to pedestrians, just like cars.

What counts as a complete stop?

All four wheels coming to a stationary stop, straight up. If on a bike or a board this does not require dismounting. For

an automobile, a complete stop may be characterized by the dipping of the rear of the vehicle while its weight shifts.

Is a bicycle or skateboard defined as a non-motorized vehicle?

No, vehicle laws do not apply to skateboards or bicycles unless specifically defined.

If an automobile hits a board/bike who is responsible?

First, call EPD or DPS accordingly. If someone offers you cashmoney to avoid a tainted insurance record or a police investigation, consider that the cash they offer won't cover future medical problems you may incur from the accident. When I was hit by a car on Alder street last spring, I made this mistake, only to go to the hospital later in the day with bruised ribs and a concussion. At the time of the accident, my adrenaline-fueled body was convinced I was fine. When EPD/DPS shows up to document the accident, they will investigate the scene, but only a judge can decide property damage and medical liability. Eventually, insurance will pay the victim for damages incurred.

If a board/bike hits a car or damages property, who is responsible?

The same guidelines apply here as listed in the question above. If no one is around to witness the damage, you are still responsible for exchanging contact information, such as leaving your information on the vehicle. This includes your name, address, and phone number.

If a car hits a bike/board and doesn't stop, does this count as a hit and run?

If you are struck by an automobile and they realize they hit you and don't stop, this counts as a hit and run. If you are injured, a driver is also required to provide aid or assistance, such as driving you home or to a hospital. A hit and run with injuries on the victim is an Oregon Class C felony, which carries a sentence of up to 5 years in prison and fines reaching $125,000.

What is specifically required with reflectors at night?

Bikes can be ticketed if they do not have a working headlight and a taillight at night, but skateboards can not. Its still a good idea to remain the most visible at all times with reflectors or lights. Just don't forget to secure them before parking your bike on campus.

What's a PUI?

Pedaling or skating under the influence is no different in charges than a DUI.

How does the DPS encourage riding safety and helmet advocacy?

DPS puts on workshops regarding safe biking and encourages everyone to wear helmets when riding.

What are some campus and Oregon codes associated with biking and skateboarding?

• Failing to yield to a pedestrian: $29.00 (even if they're mobbing 5 deep on their cellphones in the middle of 13th when the sidewalk is emptier than the street..)
• Failing to dismount and walk: $20.00
• Skating in a building or structure: $29.00
• Acrobatic or stunt skating: $34.00
• Failure to stop or yield: Class B traffic violation: $300
• PUI (1st offense, skating; biking): Diversion possible. Jail time: 48 hours minimum to a year. Fines: $1,000 minimum, $2,000 if blood alcohol content of 0.15 or above. License suspension up to one year. Mandatory participation in alcohol/drug treatment program and victim impact panel. Other incurred PUI fees: $300.

In the words of Ed Rinne: "Be respectful with one another and ride or skate in a safe manner."

DIY: FILMMAKING

HAVE YOU EVER WATCHED A FILM AND THOUGHT, "I COULD MAKE SOMETHING BETTER?"

words KATE DEGENHARDT
illustration JOSH KENNETT

Have you ever laughed at your friend's witty repartee and said, "That should be in a movie"? Maybe you know a thing or two about editing and filming, but you've never been given a creative blank slate. Film is one of the most incredible vehicles for expressing imagination, but it can be intimidating. Luckily, HD camcorders are highly accessible these days, and editing software can be easily obtained. All you need to make your own movie is time, determination, a little money, and a creative vision.

WRITE

Whether you sit down solo with a typewriter and a bottle of whiskey or invite your friends over for beer and brainstorming, you need to get your ideas down on paper. Fill your head with information about your topic. Are you writing a silent avant-garde character study or a depraved slapstick comedy?

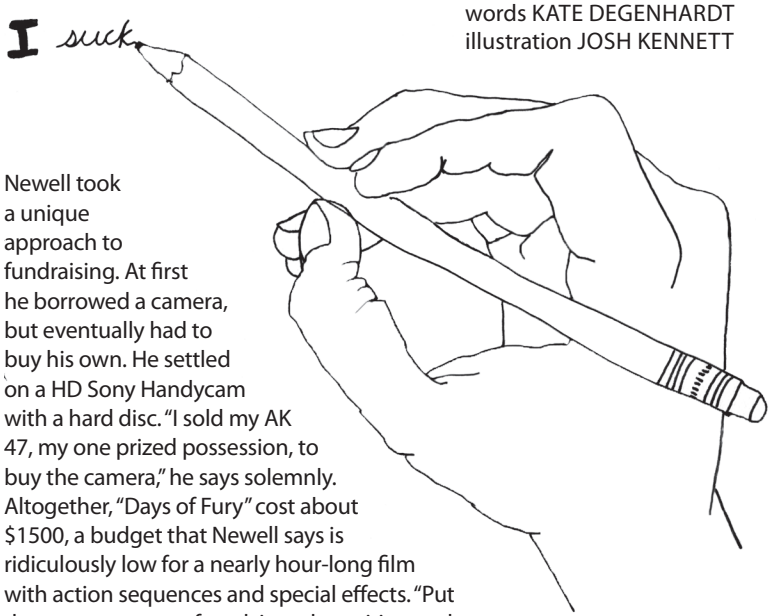
Picking a genre can help, but there's no need to limit yourself too much. It's not like some tory Warner Brothers executive is breathing down your neck and telling you to tone it down to PG-13.

Chris Sakr, 23, wrapped his film *The Painted City* last August. The movie is a neo-noir about a young café dweller who is shocked out of monotony after witnessing a murder/suicide.

"Writing-wise, I'm a big researcher," says Sakr. He explored ideas for his project for about two months before he started the script.

Portlander Hugh Newell wrote his latest project, *Days of Fury*, in three months. Newell, 26, became obsessed with special effects in grade school and has been consumed with moviemaking ever since. In high school he used his parents' camcorder to make short films. He finished his first movie, *Caterpillar Acid* (2006), in only a few months, but the gritty crime thriller *Days of Fury*, which premiered in early October, took much longer. All together Newell toiled for about 21 months on the project. At one point an actor moved to Hawaii and Newell was forced to tweak his script. "We rewrote and killed a character, but I think it makes it better. It makes it a lot darker."

Throughout the writing process, consider your budget. Unless you happen to have a few thousand dollars lying around, you might have to raise some money. Take a hard look at your script. Is it mostly dialogue? How many props are involved? If you need to build a spaceship or blow up a car, you might want to revamp the story a bit.



Newell took a unique approach to fundraising. At first he borrowed a camera, but eventually had to buy his own. He settled on a HD Sony Handycam with a hard disc. "I sold my AK 47, my one prized possession, to buy the camera," he says solemnly. Altogether, "Days of Fury" cost about $1500, a budget that Newell says is ridiculously low for a nearly hour-long film with action sequences and special effects. "Put the same amount of work into the writing and preproduction that you would put in the postproduction," he recommends. "If you slouch on anything, you'll bring the whole thing down."

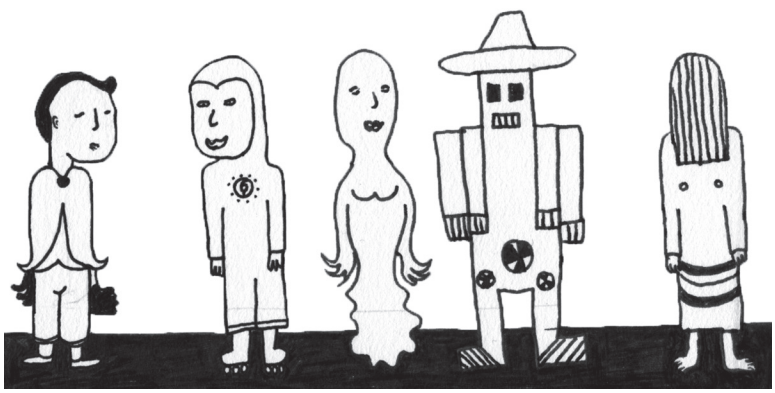
CAST

Choose your stars carefully, and make sure they aren't planning on leaving the state anytime soon. Place ads on Craigslist for actors and enlist the help of your friends.

"We got two of our best actors off Craigslist, and they actually did an amazing job," says Sakr, who held casting sessions throughout the filming process. Even with a relatively big cast and 14 actual speaking roles, Sakr had good luck with his actors. "It's amazing what people will do if they really like the material. We just jumped in and let the pieces come together."

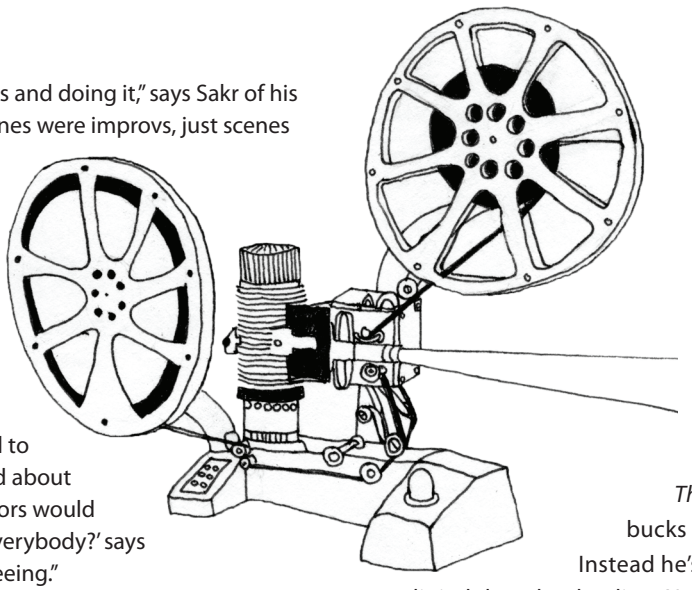
Newell found that the strangers who contacted him over the internet weren't compatible with his project. "I used Craigslist, but a lot of them said they couldn't work with me after talking with me a half hour. I talked to about half a dozen people on Craigslist and they all backed out."

Friends and acquaintances can make a reliable and fun cast. Just remember to treat them well. "Be nice to people working for free and they'll be nice to you," says Newell. "Being a lone wolf and being your own agent is not advisable."

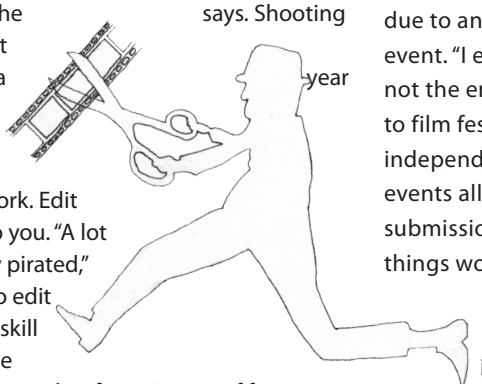


FILM

"We just started hitting the streets and doing it," says Sakr of his filming process. "The first few scenes were improvs, just scenes of walking around. We shot that stuff and then we started sinking our teeth into bigger scenes. "For most of this movie I was behind the camera, because there wasn't anybody else," he says. Truly independent filmmaking is challenging. "You don't get the best quality, or the best sound. Performances can fall to the wayside if you are too worried about what it looks like." Sometimes actors would show up and wonder 'Where is everybody?' says Sakr. "It can be off-putting, but freeing."



Sakr recommends shooting the biggest, craziest, most hectic scenes first. "Get the most intimidating thing out of the way so you feel like you're flying down easy street," he says. Shooting mostly on the weekends meant that filming would take some time, but a year later, almost to the day, he finished.



EDIT

Choose your software and get to work. Edit as you go, or all at the end, it's up to you. "A lot of the software [I used] was illegally pirated," says Newell, who took six months to edit *Days of Fury*. Special effects require skill and patience, but they are worth the extra effort. Expect to spend hours on only a few minutes of footage.

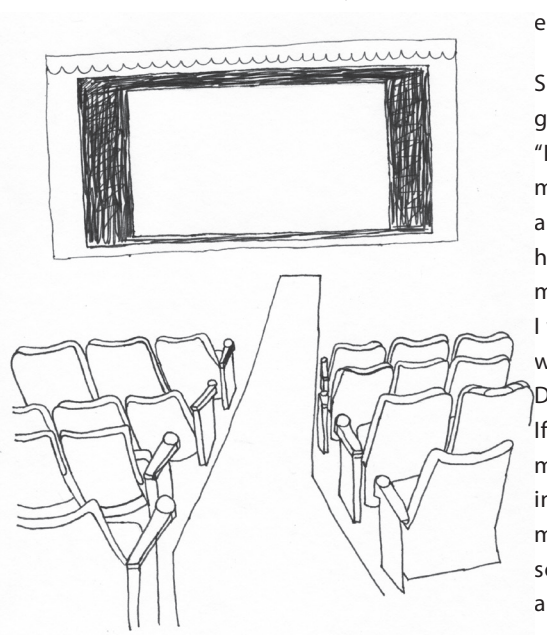
Recruit friends in bands to help with scoring. Newell, inspired by vintage synthesizers, John Carpenter movies and 80's science fiction, enlisted local musicians to make music. "It was really easy to talk to people in bands and get them involved early," he says. "We sat down and wrote trippy, ambient tracks that sounded like B-sides from some forgotten David Bowie album." Just make sure to get the artist's permission to use the material, Newell warns.

PREMIER

"If you think that because the film is made then you're out of the woods, you're wrong," says Newell. First, look for a local venue to host a screening. You may want to have a small-scale premiere at an art gallery, or you may want to rent out a larger theater like Bijou Art Cinemas in Eugene or the Hollywood Theater in Portland. The Hollywood will charge rent by the hour and allow directors to set a ticket price, but they take a few cents from every ticket sold.

If you have friends who know about public relations, get them involved. Putting up fliers is important but it's not enough if you want a hearty turnout. Contact local newspapers and magazines ahead of time and send them a trailer and a synopsis of the movie and the event. Call people personally, and don't be afraid to hound friends and family. Consider selling DVDs of the movie at the premiere, and throw an after party. A Facebook event is a good idea, but don't expect everyone who RSVPs to make an appearance.

Between 300 and 400 people showed up for the premiere of *The Painted City*. Tickets were five bucks a pop, but Sakr didn't sell DVDs. Instead he's planning on selling his film as a digital download online. Newell charged only three dollars for admission to *Days of Fury*, but got about 50 attendees. Although he sold around 20 DVDs, the event was smaller than expected due to an unreliable contact's broken promise to promote the event. "I ended up losing some friends," Newell says. But it's not the end. Now Newell is focusing on submitting his movie to film festivals through Withoutabox.com, a site that allows independent film directors to submit their work directly to events all over the world. "I'm using my food money to cover the submission costs," he says. If he had more money, Newell thinks things would be different. "If I could stop being poor, I would," he says. "I'd be way more excited about making movies," he says. Sometimes doing everything alone seems impossible. "But I know that I can," he says, "It's that or nothing. I'm not happy being some working stiff my entire life."



Sakr is just getting started. "I can't see myself doing anything else," he says, "If I had more money, I would still want to do the DIY approach. If a bunch of money fell in my lap, I might turn into some kind of asshole."

CONCERT REVIEW

Dr. Dog Wags the WOW on Halloween

words CARA MERENDINO
photos NOAH DEWITT

On Halloween night in a place as quirky and colorful as Eugene, you've got options. So if you didn't make it to the Dr. Dog show at the WOW Hall this All Hallows' Eve, brace yourself, for I am about to let you know exactly what you missed.

But before I shamelessly pour my love juice all over Dr. Dog's performance, I feel it's necessary to call those Dogs out for their one major misstep: not wearing costumes. Now I'm sure it's a burden to melt faces when you have the excess baggage that comes with an extravagant costume, and harmonies that are pure ear sugar cannot come from behind a mask, but come on! The WOW Hall's event description even read, "Shame on you if you don't get a ticket, and double shame if you don't wear a costume" (or something to that effect), playing on the band's newest album title, *Shame, Shame*. Shame on you, boys, save for drummer Eric Slick, who had some zombie face paint on, and lead guitarist/vocalist Scott McMicken, who wore a glow-in-the-dark pumpkin shirt, which I guess counts as a costume.

Lack of Halloween spirit aside, Dr. Dog put on an incendiary performance. In front of a colorful and costume-clad crowd, the band took the stage and delivered a lengthy and powerful set. Dr. Dog's electric surge, badass light show and beautiful harmonies were on the ball. The set as a whole was very heavy on new material, with eight songs off *Shame, Shame*, including the title track, "Mirror, Mirror," "Shadow People," "Unbearable Why," and "I Only Wear Blue," as well as two new songs I'd never heard (duh) that really, and I mean really rocked. Also on the set list were old favorites "Worst Trip," "Hang On," and "The Rabbit, The Bat and the Reindeer." Strangely enough, Dr. Dog also played their cover of "Heart it Races," originally an Architecture in Helsinki song. As a fan of both bands, I can say that I prefer the cover to the original, a rare happening in the world of recreating songs of old. Stranger yet, Architecture in Helsinki played their version of "Heart it Races" at their WOW Hall Halloween show back in 2007, making for some serious déjà vu.

The show ended with the crowd screaming and pleading for more. Dr. Dog gave 'em what they wanted, and came out with a three-song encore which included a sing-along to "Jackie Wants a Black Eye," one of the takeaway songs from the new record. I left the show fulfilled, body prickling from being bitch-slapped by the skills of the best classic rock band of the modern age.

Rated: DMT out of mind-altering substances.

Artist: Cee Lo Green
Song: Fuck You
Label: Elektra

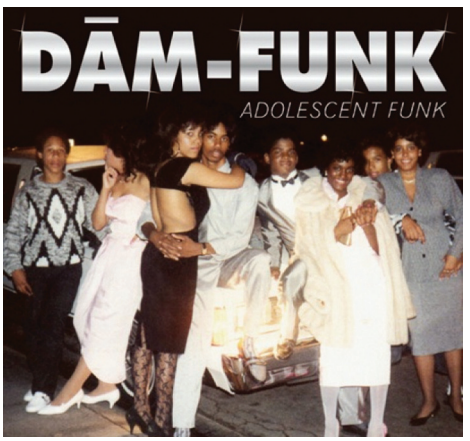
words BRETT SISUN

Atlanta based R&B guru Cee Lo Green, aka the Lady Killer, sweetly spoons a new musical flavor (vintage-soul-church-pop) to the world in his almost instant video classic "Fuck You." Mixing catchy percussive Motown with smug yet humorous profanity, Cee Lo has stumbled upon an original composition in a mainstream hip-hop scene devoid of innovation. The video, set in a '50s diner, is playful and entertaining, a far reach from the average street show audiences are accustomed to.

The video has gone viral on YouTube, garnering over 2 million hits within just a few days of its release. It's not hard to see why. The colorful and almost cartoon-like setting features Cee Lo in a zoot suit narrating his own coming of age and struggle against 'the heartbreaker.' The real genius of the piece comes in the simplicity of the chorus: "I see you riding around town with the girl I love, and I'm like, fuck you, and fuck her too." This offhanded, vulgar spitefulness set against the snappy Motown and the attitude of the '50s diner creates a perfect mix of purity and profanity, heaven and hell. It feels like a southern church invited a rapper to perform a sermon.

This fresh approach to American music has the nation buzzing over the release of the new album — anticipated to be one of the number one mainstream productions of 2010. Are you ready for the Lady Killer?

Rated: Beyoncé.



Artist: Dam-Funk
Album: Adolescent Funk
Label: Stones Throw Records

words BRETT SISUN

Somewhere between the spicy-slap porno bass and soaring summertime synthesizers of the late '80's lurks Dam-Funk's magnum opus, *Adolescent Funk*. A monument to the electro-funk of an unforgettable era, *Adolescent Funk* brings forth a multitude of nostalgic hip-hop tracks, reminiscent of the old school cassette player days and Eazy-E's jheri curls. Sprinkled with suave energetic choruses *Adolescent Funk* makes you wonder how the funk are you actually enjoying such cheeseball music.

Cutting fresh songs like "I Don't Love U" and "UCanDoItIfUWant2" (got to love those pre-AIM abbreviations), Dam-Funk is a little bit hip-hop, a little bit jazz, and little bit smooth sex. He is more than funky. "I Like Your Big Azz (Girl)", probably the hottest track on the album, features the signature twangy slap bass that could very well be a musical fill in a Seinfeld episode. But Dam-Funk has a soulful side, too. Most of the tracks, such as "I Love Life," end up repeating the song title over and over — a definitive trademark of Dam-Funk's poignant groove.

Recorded on obsolete Casio keyboards, Dam-funk is true to the electro-funk sound without ever being too conscious of it. These vintage gems, though seemingly undiscovered, may find their way into your inner-child's neon soul. So let it be known: Dam-Funk is the real funky deal.

Rated: Pepsi Can out of Impromptu Smoking Devices.

Artist: Tyvek
Album: Nothing Fits
Label: In the Red Records

words JOSEPH DE SOSA

With Tyvek there is no catch. There's no bullshit. There is just raw fucking aggression. *Nothing Fits* is an album that proves modern guitar doesn't have to be generic and boring. It's Detroit band Tyvek's second studio LP, their first release for *In The Red Records*, and their first album recorded in a proper studio.

Though not as lo-fi as their previous releases, it has even more raw energy and aggressive crunching guitar. Title track "Nothing Fits" is hostile and desperate. "Outer Limits" is absolutely raw sonically as well as lyrically, with lead singer Kevin Boyer declaring, "Christian justice looks just like revenge / a cycle of violence that'll never end."

The highlight of the album is "Underwater To," a song with melodic dissonance that is perfect to hum along to, but at the same time one of those songs you listen to while walking down the street daring someone to fuck with you.

The weakest song on the album is without doubt "Pricks in a Car," which just sounds boring compared with the rest of the album. Nonetheless, *Nothing Fits* is one of those albums that is good the first time through, and just gets better and better each time you listen.

Rated: Maneesh Arora out of ASUO Hairstyles.

Artist: Matt and Kim
Album: Sidewalks
Label: FADER

words JENNIFER BUSBY

I've always preferred Matt and Kim live. Even though Matt's voice tends to crack like a prepubescent boy's, their energy is unparalleled. They feed off of the crowd, grinning as they play.

At their 2009 show at Portland's Hawthorne Theater, Matt's keyboard went berserk near the end of the set. He stood on his seat and explained that he had sweat the instrument to death. Nevertheless, they would keep playing At the end of their shows, the two leap off the stage to shake it with their sweat-drenched fans.

Their third release, *Sidewalks*, is still music you can dance to, though it feels like a departure from the lo-fi sound of previous records. Kim's energetic drumming, an essential part of the duo's sound, comes off more like a drum machine. The once-lively beats have been toned down.

The band's spirit is alive and well in songs that retain lyrical simplicity. As always, they focus on capturing the exuberance of youth.

"Silver Tiles" feels like an '80s arena-rock anthem begging for an inspirational sports montage, and Matt (whose vocals have dramatically improved since 2006's *Matt & Kim*) sings a ballad to his corner of the nation in "Northeast."

Their last Northwest show was on Sept. 29, but they're worth seeing when they come through town again.

Rated: Plan B out of Oral Contraceptives.

Film: Waiting for "Superman"
Director: Davis Guggenheim
Writers: Davis Guggenheim, Billy Kimball

words LEIGH BOURGEOIS

Like its next of kin *An Inconvenient Truth*, call-to-action documentary *Waiting for "Superman"* serves as a stark reiteration of the public education system's woes that many have long been familiar with. Here, drama is found anew in the inner-city cherubs who know that public schools are where dreams go to die and salvation is a place where spots are limited.

Entry to high-performing charter schools is by lottery system only, and the odds are always long. The parallels to *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory* are numerous. Instead of chocolate rivers, think kids happily sporting plaid uniforms and going to school year-round. But the stories and tears that weave the film together — Anthony, Bianca and others who apply (most often in vain) for better, college-bound destinies — are anything but fake.

As director Davis Guggenheim admits, *Waiting for "Superman"* is less concerned with argumentation than emotional appeal. Yet, the film is deeply educational. While it sketches a grim, if conscientiously one-sided, picture of high school "drop-out factories" complete with teachers caught reading the newspaper in class; the film does have a keen understanding of its characters and the unforgiving world that they live in.

While there are many downtrodden reform messiahs to bitch about bureaucracy, the film seems allergic to the kind of analytic scrutiny that y'all "regular people" might find overly taxing. So while merit pay for teachers seems like one of few remedies, the film doesn't go beyond the union talking head's vague assertion that it would be "divisive." Are teachers really so mean and selfish? You'll have to figure that one out on your own. But *Waiting for "Superman"* isn't such a bad place to start.

Rated: Better than Chris Dudley's free throw percentage.

EVENTS

11.1.2010 - 3.31.2011 Lane County Historical Society and Museum
Tie Dye & Tofu: How Mainstream Eugene Became a Counterculture Haven

11.6.2010-11.7.2010 Lane Events Center, Expo Hall
Picc-a-Dilly Flee Market with live music

11.6.2010 WOW Hall
Andre NIckatina, Eli (AKA Smoov-E), DJ Static Jon, Endr Won, ET from the pHformula, NW Swagg Kings

11.6.2010 1054 W 8th Ave, Eugene
Oregon Voice Release Party with the Daveys and Arangutaaang

11.9.2010 Aladdin Theater
Mayer Hawthorne & the County

11.12.2010 WOW Hall
Built to Spill, Le Fleur

11.13.2010 Crystal Ballroom
Built to Spill, Le Fleur, Lords of Falconry

11.13.2010 McDonald Theatre
Floydian Slips

11.14.2010 WOW Hall
Eisley, Ives the Band, Christie DuPree

11.18.2010 McDonald Theatre
Bad Religion with Bouncing Souls and Off with their Heads

11.19.2010 Berbati's Pan
Skeletron, And And And, Forest Park, Robot Surprise

11.20.2010 McDonald Theatre
Pretty Lights with Thunderball and Gramatik

11.29.2010 Roseland Theater
Bonobo, Tokimonsta

12.3.2010 Aladdin Theater
The Books

OREGONVOICE

Staff Application

Please return this form along with any work samples, either in person at our weekly meeting, or leave it in the Oregon Voice mailbox in the ASUO Office. Class work is acceptable for work samples. Email ovoice@uoregon.edu for more information or to confirm our weekly meeting time. Oregon Voice abides by university non-discrimination policies. Your responses can either can be typed or handwritten on this page.

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Phone _____
Email _____
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Major(s) _____
Mode of Transportation _____

Position(s) Desired:

- ☐ Staff Writer
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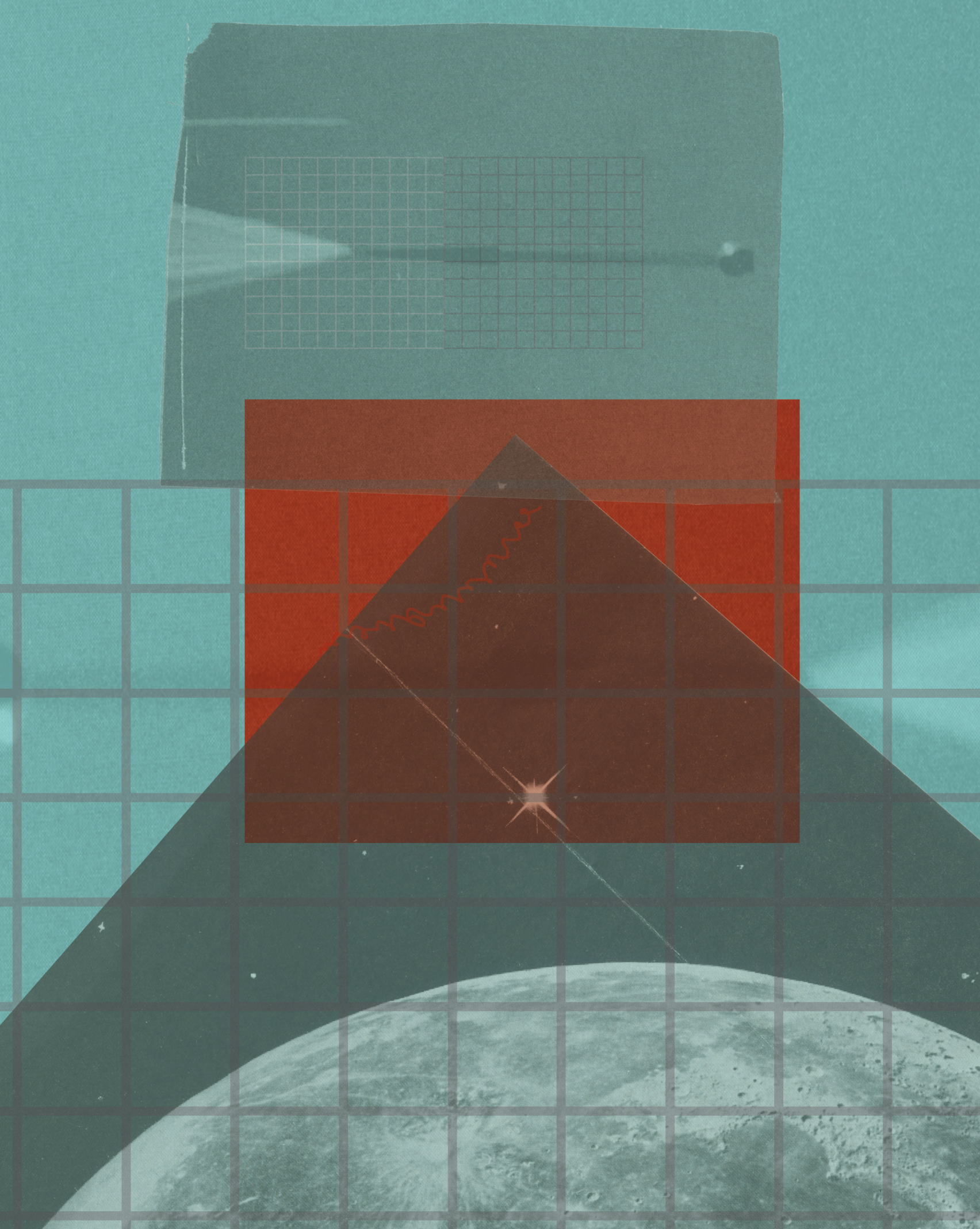
- ☐ Photographer
- ☐ Illustrator
- ☐ Web Design
- ☐ Advertising Director

What are your areas of interest or expertise?

What relevant journalistic/writing/design/publishing/event planning experience do you have?

What are your plans after graduation? How will a position with the O.V. complement your “career” goals?

What do like about the magazine? What are some subjects you would like to write about? What new sections would you add to improve the magazine?

Please write a deliberately bad poem: